

# The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the Best Homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

**Lorimer**  
ELECTED by the graft system, voted out of the United States Senate, disgraced in the eyes of the world, and now indicted with others in Chicago on charges of giving \$56,500 in worthless notes and misusing funds of a bank of which he was president, William Lorimer is a man to be pitied. It is a curious fact that any man who starts wrong, who thinks wrong, whose ideals run low, who lends himself to dishonesty, seems never able to shake off his Nemesis. From the first discovery of such a man's "system" of getting along in the world other discoveries follow, and the cumulative crop of trouble grown from the sort of seeds he used in sowing bears him down and overwhelms him.

But the case of Lorimer has its value. There stands a man, one of many men of his kind, whose history ought to be worth millions in money to the growing youth of this generation. With such an example before them, these young men of to-day have no excuse for taking the wrong path. The worst man in the world is valuable to society, in the sense that he teaches other men what to avoid.

**Forgetting Life's Tragedies**  
IN New York the theatrical managers are emphasizing melodrama and comedy. An analyst of things theatrical says it is because the people need something to relieve their minds from the strain of war news. It may be much in the same spirit that editorial writers are spicing serious comment with humorous paragraphs on war phases, thus bringing down upon their heads an occasional outburst of indignation from some free lance who thinks war is too tragic an affair, even incidentally, to joke about.

Well, life is a short affair after all—to some folk a sad, morose passage from Somewhere to Yonder; a merry willing of time along the way of eternity, to others. Take it as we find it, and there is quite enough of the tragic in it to make the average man grateful for diversion. It is best sometimes to forget trouble. It would never do to ignore the demand of tragedies on one's attention and interest and sympathy, but to brood over them, to live with them all day and sleep with them all night—that is folly of the worst kind. Forgetting trouble is an art. It is a fine art for the average man and woman to cultivate, and applied to the individual life it will save many a wrinkle and defer many a funeral.

**No Time for Labor Trouble**  
WHETHER an assault on anything by the I. W. W. can be dignified by the term "labor trouble" is an open question. In any event, 1,500 members of the I. W. W. are reported to be moving along the Great Northern Railway toward Butte, and in anticipation of their mobilizing in that Montana city, the Governor has warned sheriffs and authorities along the line. So far, they have done nothing worse than compelling railroad men to let them ride free.

Sabotage and destruction verging on, if not quite within, the definition of anarchy, are the weapons of the I. W. W. That they are un-American weapons goes without saying, and that if they prevail the whole character of American life will be changed is equally certain. The work of the I. W. W. is to tear down, their whole propaganda a defiance of all law and order and all social organization.

The country is suffering with a severe reaction from extravagances, and is touched by the heel of war in Europe. Thousands of men are out of work, and many places of employment are closed, not by any wish of the employer, but because circumstances make reductions unavoidable. It is the time of all times for America to sit tight. Such a band as that now invading Montana should be dispersed—and dispersed very promptly.

**European Capitals Are Normal**  
THE enterprising correspondents have contrived to tell the world that Paris, Berlin, Vienna and London are astonishingly normal in the present time of travail for the nations of which they are the chief cities. It is not clear what else was to have been expected. Outwardly an individual may show no indication that he is undergoing inner torment. Surely, it is not otherwise with the inhabitants of a great city.

Life and its needs go on pretty much the same even when a nation is at war. The boulevards of Paris, the restaurants of Berlin and the clubs and theatres of London would scarcely be swathed in mourning at this time. During the tremendous French Revolution there were people in Paris who did not even know that anything unusual was taking place.

If the correspondents would probe beneath the surface of the main thoroughfares of the cities from which they write, they would doubtless discover the real mourning which so far transcends any visible symbols of woe. They would find the mothers and wives who

do not sleep, but spend their weary hours conjuring up visions of sons and husbands lying-mangled on the battlefield. They would also find men past the age of military service inwardly cursing Time for having brought them into the world too soon. They would find the ordinary occupations of men disrupted; they would find hunger, demoralization and distorted notions of right and wrong—all under a cloud of black horror, as of the end of the world.

Truly, the capitals of the great European nations are normal—to the extent that their buildings have not been razed and the pavements can still be used. A man's face is normal when his son has been killed and his life's hope has been frustrated.

Here in the United States life also is normal, so far as an unseeing eye may know. But beneath a stolid and flippant exterior the heart of the United States is sick with horror at a catastrophe so great that the mind endures it only because full comprehension is impossible.

## Lasting Help for Cotton Industry

APPROVAL by the Federal Reserve Board of the plan for a \$150,000,000 loan fund to take care of the surplus cotton crop means that the plan will be carried into execution, and that the needs of the growers of the South will find relief.

The plan, which was originated by Festus J. Wade, the St. Louis banker, undoubtedly is the soundest, safest and wisest, from an economic viewpoint, of the many that have been devised in this crisis of the cotton industry. The money is to be raised from banks, trust companies, other corporations and individuals all over the country. Loans are to be made on a basis of 6 cents a pound for middling cotton, which would mean the advance of about \$30 a bale. Transactions are to be so circumvented and restricted and such interest is to be charged as will discourage the borrower from holding his cotton after the market offers him a reasonable price and a fair profit.

In his letter to Mr. Wade, Governor Hamilton, of the Federal Reserve Board, says:

I am directed by the board to state to you that while it cannot, very naturally, express itself upon the details of the plan as to personnel of management, commissions, interest rates, etc., it is of the opinion that the raising of such a fund of the amount indicated and its administration justly and fairly, upon reasonable terms and conditions, would go far towards the restoration of normal conditions, and would redound to the benefit, not only of those interested in the production, movement and manufacturing of cotton, but as well to the entire people of the country.

With the plan so approved and sponsored, there can be little doubt that the subscriptions necessary will be forthcoming, and that the South will get the substantial and lasting assistance that the "buy-a-bale" movement, admirable enough in the motive that inspired it and capable of relieving some of the immediate pressure, never could have supplied.

It is estimated that the surplus cotton crop amounts to at least 4,000,000 bales. To take care of this surplus, at \$50 a bale, the price paid under the "buy-a-bale" plan, \$200,000,000 would have had to be raised, with each investor advancing more than the market price of the staple. It never was possible. The loan plan, on a 6-cent basis, is an entirely different proposition. It will give the South the means to move the crop and finance the farmers until the stringency has been relieved and an era of better prices begins to dawn. That is all the South has any right to ask, and with that it ought to be abundantly satisfied.

## Teaching Our Friends, the Bankers

BEFORE this week ends, Richmond ought to have acquired a good deal of valuable information about the financial situation throughout the country, and the members of the American Bankers' Association should be in possession of some interesting facts concerning Richmond, and the convention will have served a double service.

It is pleasant that this great gathering of the men who direct and control the nation's financial destiny should coincide so nearly with the formal organization here of one of the regional reserve banks, that are to be the arms of the new American system of banking and currency. The bank will start its operations under even happier auspices because of the presence, during the period of its adolescence, of these expert critics, who, at the same time, are its generous well-wishers and friends.

Richmond will hope, at any rate, that the visiting bankers will enjoy themselves mightily. If plans do not miscarry, those of them who have only a passing acquaintance with this part of the world will acquire a new grasp of the manufacturing and industrial progress and possibilities of the South—perhaps be induced to invest some of their surplus wealth in the enterprises of this land of boundless opportunity.

Of course, that would be pleasant for the South needs capital, but it is enough, for the present, to have these men who do things as Richmond's guests. If their profit and enjoyment equal the city's determination that the convention shall be both profitable and enjoyable, the delegates will carry away whole heartfuls of pleasant memories.

## Germany's Designs on England

WAR critics to-day are predicting that, with the capture of Antwerp, Germany will turn its attention to the invasion and punishment of England. This will not be attempted, it is to be assumed, with the overwhelming British fleet still in control of the seas, but the Kaiser may feel that with his Zeppelins and other air craft and notable efficiency in the use of submarines he will be able to wage a naval combat on equal terms.

That Germany wants to crush England utterly, and that she is determined, if possible, to accomplish this purpose, has been made clearly evident. According to Vice-Admiral Hermann Kirchhoff, writing in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt of September 4, Germany is in a position to make the attempt. "German military and maritime forces are now ready in the North Sea and on the coast of the channel to throw themselves on England and to destroy it by all means at their disposal, by water, in the air and on land, as well as by the forces of gold and economics," he declares. "And Germany, whether after a short or a long struggle, is going to accomplish this, and we shall not rest until we have gained our object."

Militaristic Germany sees in the destruction of British prestige a duty to civilization. "To crush England is our main task, to reduce her influence would be a blessing to the culture of the whole world," Admiral Kirchhoff writes.

To achieve all this, however, the British fleet first must be swept from the seas. That is not going to be a particularly easy task.

## SONGS AND SAWS

**More About October.**  
'Twas but a week or two ago that I  
Indited praises to the ruse October.  
And told about the romance that it held  
Concealed beneath its aspect staid and sober.  
I sang, I now remember, of the haze  
That covered hill and dale with golden beauty.  
And metric tribute paid to Autumn's leaves—  
Indeed, I felt all this a rhymester's duty.  
In October.

But now I think I must have missed my guess  
And twanged my lyre—in truth, the thing to  
twang—  
To some remembered days of long ago,  
Whose praises then full heartily I sang.  
This is not what I meant, but rather, 'twas  
That fills me full of dust and colds and sneezes,  
Between the spasms of which I sit and write  
A half a column or so of labored wheezes.  
Darn October!

**The Pessimist Says.**  
There is nothing in that old jingle about  
early to bed and early to rise. All the wise and  
wealthy persons of my acquaintance go to bed  
as late as they can and get up no sooner than  
they must, and they appear to be about as  
healthy as any one else.

**Uncle Zach's Philosophy.**  
Ah, heeds some folks make a mighty lot  
or rumput without dixer wootin' Ah's seen  
wusser. Enyhow, it put off de time yer  
got ter go and buy yersef a wintch obercoote.

**Saving Him Trouble.**  
"Madam," said Mr. Subbubs, indignantly, to  
the lady next door, "are you aware of the fact  
that your chickens have eaten up nearly my  
whole garden?"  
"I did not know of it," responded the lady  
next door very sweetly, "but I am greatly  
obliged for the information. With the house  
in the cost of food the problem of giving those  
chickens enough to eat had become very difficult."

**He Had to Own Up.**  
There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
At least he always said that he  
Was proof against surprise.  
He knew it all, he'd seen it all,  
On this terrestrial sphere,  
And every yarn that you'd relate  
He'd say he'd seen it last year.  
But even he was once shocked  
To see the Mackem fall  
Before the gallant Braves' attack—  
"They can," he said, "play ball!"  
THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

A barrel mystery is worrying Editor Copeland, of the Newport News Daily Press. He has cudgeled his wits in vain, striving for its solution. He is woe-girt and compassed about by gloom as he acknowledges himself baffled, and calls for assistance. This from the Daily Press: "It is related that Brother Wellford's street was recently flooded with water, and that a barrel floated insolently down on the bosom of the flood. Mr. Wellford readily accounted for the cold water invasion, but he did not think that there was a barrel in little old dry Newport News bold enough to flaunt itself in Brother Wellford's face. Some prohibitionists ought to catch up with it and bust its head out, and ascertain what manner of barrel it is." All of us who know Newport News know very well that any barrel permitted to float beyond the length of a man's arm in that man's town is an empty barrel.

It is clearly apparent that Editor Latane, of the Tidewater Democrat, does not believe the chaplains with the armies in the battlefields of Europe are doing their duty. Discussing the horrors of the war, he says: "In the great European war soldiers are falling as the leaves in autumn. The slaughter of human souls is well-nigh inconceivable."

"Just now the people of Williamsburg are mightily rejoicing over the news that the knitting mill, its one real enterprise, will reopen for business next week, and feel that the shadow of hard times is about to be dispelled," says the Virginia Gazette. That's the spirit, Brother Johnson! Rejoice, "can" the hard-luck stories and attend to your knitting.

"President Wilson and Colonel George Harvey have buried their differences so deep that even your Uncle Henry Watterson can't dig them up," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. Then why persist in rattling the skeleton?

It doth appear that confidence in the Russian war department's news bureau is fast waning. "This general distrust has already extended to Staunton, as evidenced by this expression from the Staunton Daily News: 'Yes, if the Russian army is as good a fighting machine as the Petrograd official news bureau is a liar, Russia cannot be stopped even by the great army of General Winter from taking Berlin before the snow flies.'"

## The Voice of the People

Letters to the Editor should not be over 250 words in length, and the name and address of the writer must accompany each communication, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write on one side of the paper, and enclose stamps if manuscript is to be returned. Parting letters concerning the European war will not be published.

**Thanks for Article on Soils.**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir—I observed in a recent issue a very able article by B. O. Bradshaw on soil treatment and the use of lime to liberate the insoluble potash in the soil and make it available as a plant food and fertilizer.

I wish to extend my sincere appreciation of your support to the work of our soil experts in the effort they are making to improve the fertility of the Eastern and Southern soils. There are to-day over 200,000,000 acres of unimproved land and of the Mississippi River, which, if properly treated, will yield abundant crops. In the publication of Mr. Bradshaw's argument, you have rendered the agricultural interests a valuable service, and, to be very frank, you are aiding one of the most important and extensive industries of the State of Virginia—the lime industry.

HENRY M. CAMP,  
Washington, D. C., October 7, 1914.

**Urges Protection of Property.**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir—The city has recently erected a handsome drinking fountain for horses at the intersection of the Boulevard and Broad Street, a point which is rapidly becoming one of the most traveled in the city, despite its muddy condition. The glass globe in the light over the fountain has been the times broken by boys throwing rocks. There must be something lacking in our system of education when the boys of the best West End families consider it fun to break public property and to injure a utility provided for the relief of hard-worked drivers. Less moral suasion and a return to the hickory switch might help.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.  
Richmond, October 10, 1914.

**State's Duty to Delinquents.**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir—I have been in attendance during the last week at the annual meeting of the American Prison Association, which was held at St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Whitaker, of Geocogan, Wood, and the use of the State Prison, and the Stratton, of the Penitentiary Board, with myself, represented Virginia. Cuba, Canada, and all the States, had representatives. Important subjects, such as (1) better laws in relation to criminals; (2) causes and best means of prevention at crime; (3) improvement of penal, correctional

and reformatory institutions, and kindred themes, had wide and helpful discussion. Eugenics, better homes, more healthful environments of child life and other social subjects claimed much of the attention of the convention. Indeterminate sentence and parole of prisoners had large place on the program, and is wisely considered, from a humanitarian standpoint, in every State of the Union. The model prison at Stillwater, in Minnesota, on the St. Croix River, was visited, and furnished many useful ideas to superintendents of penal institutions. In not a few particulars, however, Virginians rightly claim that, handicapped as we have been financially, our State institutions do well in dealing with offenders, and that the faithful and humane care given them by our superintendents, we yield to none. The next annual meeting will be in Oakland, Cal.

PETER WINSTON,  
Farmville, Va., October 10, 1914.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 12, 1864.

On Friday night the Confederate cavalry had a small skirmish with the enemy on the Darbytown Road, which amounted to but little, both sides losing some prisoners. The Confederates were at first forced back, but finally drove the Federals a mile and a half beyond their morning line.

Yesterday there was comparative quiet down the James. The only thing attracting attention was the throwing of a few shells into Fort Harrison by our gunboats.

A body of Federals, said to be 1,000 strong, advanced the other day up the Manassas Gap Railroad, having in charge a train of wagons. They occupied Rectortown and Salem, in Fauquier County, and were taking things easy when they were suddenly attacked by Colonel Mosby and his men and defeated in a vigorous little fight. Mosby captured fifty prisoners, a number of horses and a lot of army stores.

An official dispatch to the War Department says: "General Sheridan is still moving down the Valley. A large force of his cavalry was attacked by us on the 7th, and we drove them handsomely, capturing a number of horses, several ambulances, some wagons, nine forges with teams, and about fifty prisoners."

About noon on Saturday the enemy, in strong force, advanced from their works on Peckham's Farm, near Petersburg, drove in our outer videttes, and captured a portion of our breastworks, which were abandoned after the capture of Fort Monroe. This movement was simply a feeler, and yesterday morning, having ascertained that the Confederates were in too strong force to render even the advanced ground they had gained safe, the Federals fell back, and all of our posts were re-established.

Passengers from the Valley by last night's trains give sad accounts of the havoc committed by the enemy in the vicinity of Harrisonburg and below. Sheridan has been doing all in his power to carry out strictly, and to the letter the infamous order of General Grant to burn, devastate and carry away and make the Valley a howling wilderness. His menials have burned all the mills and every barn within their reach, as also all the outstanding grain and haystacks. The country over and near which they have passed is a waste.

About 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon a small body of Yankee raiders went to the W. Davis farmhouse, one mile west of the Weldon Railroad, and eight miles south of Petersburg, and without giving any reason therefor deliberately set fire to it, and soon it was a mass of flames. The house was one of the finest country buildings in this section.

Our forces at Salisbury have buried 106 white Federals and 127 negroes, found dead on the field when the Federals were driven away in great confusion. Nearly 100 wounded prisoners, left on the field by the Federals in their hurried retreat, are being cared for in the Confederate field hospital.

Gold is now selling in New York at 200 and a fraction.

The markets are very poorly supplied with fresh meats and vegetables, owing to war operations down the river and near to Richmond.

The theatres and concert halls are but thinly attended, and the soldiers are at the front, and the citizens do not appreciate the attractions on the stage when ever and anon they hear the booming of real cannon.

## Gossip from "Down Home"

North Carolina's proposed constitutional amendments, which are to be voted on at the election next month, are attracting the support of the State press. "Governor Locke Craig has thrown the State into a ferment in behalf of the amendments," says the Raleigh News and Observer. If the question could be settled in a primary of editors, there would be no doubt apparently of the outcome.

"Along with the development of advertising in other fields, it is coming to be used more and more in the religious world," says the Twin City Sentinel. "Some years ago a display paper was excused, but a church service in a newspaper in the larger cities, such as advertising, are frequently seen. And the idea is becoming more popular all the while. The churches are not willing to permit the world, the flesh and the devil to monopolize all the advantages of newspaper publicity."

Evidently they grow "booster roosters" down in Lexington. The editor of the Dispatch hands out this advice to his readers: "Do you want prosperous times? If so, boost your town. It helps. Trade with your local merchants—that helps. Patronize your local bank—that helps. Pay your little accounts promptly and smile at the debtors—that helps. Cultivate the spirit of co-operation in your town or community—that helps to make things go forward and increase prosperity and happiness. Try these suggestions and you will be convinced."

Curious things still are happening "down home." "While we knew that the State prohibition law was rather lightly considered in many places," says the Durham Herald, "it was a surprise to us to learn that some of the distillers had closed up shop." Now what do you know about that? And making whiskey, too, perhaps.

And the Greensboro Record, discussing a Times-Dispatch editorial that sought to find out whether a judge had drunk, says: "If the gentleman did get drunk he got it like a lion from Richmond, in all probability. That it made him drunk, unless he drank huge quantities of it, is unbelievable. Virginia liquor, so the Record says, is intended to go a long way; that is to say, it must be drunk in lots of it to get 'how come you so.' It is evident that the editor of the Record has had little experience with Richmond liquor."

## The Bright Side of Life

**A Clean Sweep.**  
"Somebody stole three sets of harness out of my stable." "Did the thief leave any traces?" "No, he took traces and all."—Boston Transcript.

**Taking Precautions.**  
Ethel—"Oh, Jack, be careful to-night. Papa's brought home a bulldog."  
Jack—"That's all right. The dog used to be a lion, and I got the dealer to sell him to your father."—Baltimore American.

**Skipping the Hard Ones.**  
"Do you read all the war news?" "Every line of it." "And can you pronounce the awful names of those places?" "Dear me, no. Whenever any other town than London or Berlin or Paris is mentioned I just skip right over the name."—Detroit Free Press.

**Started Right Away.**  
Dentist—"When did your teeth first begin troubling you?"  
Patient—"When I was cutting them."—Boston Transcript.

**Willing to Try It.**  
Art Editor—"I'm sorry I cannot use this drawing. It lacks gray matter."  
Artist—"I admit I didn't use any of that stuff, sir, but will do so hereafter, if you will be so kind as to tell me where I could buy some."—Puck.



## THE WAR IN MINIATURE

LONDON, October 2.—Walking along the Strand this morning, I met a brass band playing the "Marseillaise." On the shoulder straps of the bandmen I read the words "Bernardo's Homes." A mounted policeman clears a way through the traffic for the band. Behind the band is a column of young men marching in four abreast. They were recruits for Kitchener's army, on their way from the Horse Guards' Parade to Waterloo Station. I counted them—there are about 150 of them. They are well dressed. Many of them look like clerks. Their collars are clean. Their blue serge and brown suits are neat and well brushed. Their boots are sound. Some of them carry brown paper parcels. Others carry handbags. There is in their faces an air of sober elation and serious cheerfulness.

Workmen, busy on a new building, stop their work to cheer them. They cheer back. Men and women on the top of motor buses wave their greetings. But there is no maddening. The mood of the recruits and of the spectators under the "Bernardo's Homes" band is one of sadness and a touch of homesickness. They wave their hands, some of them look weary, and their smiles are like a pallidness—joy written over the lines of oil and peril. There is a shadow of sadness about their brows and lips. There is memory in their eyes. But they are surprisingly clean and neat and alert. They have brushed the stains of the trenches from their khaki. But the different degrees of sadness are returning soldiers and the recruits are unmistakable. These men are bronzed, the recruits are pink and white.

Under the marquees on the Horse Guards' Parade, the recruits are being enrolled. Clerks wearing an armband are writing, writing all day long. Now and then a clerk throws down his pen and stirs goodby to men, and saying "I got your name," he goes to the next great blue sheet and joins a column forming up within an area that is roped off. Soon he will be marching behind the "Bernardo's Homes" band to the station. Outside the rope girls in white hovers. She is beautifully dressed. Her dainty white shoes look strangely out of courtship. But her face is pale and absorbed with one passion. A young man hastily leaves the line of recruits, ducks under the rope and speaks to her. She gives him a paper bag filled with fresh plums. He takes the bag sheepishly, kisses her, and hastens back to his place in the line. The girl feels a sympathetic policeman that he cannot come home to lunch and to say good-by to his mother. The girl evidently is his sister. It is the war again in epitome. All over Europe women have been saying goodby to men, and saying it bravely without sobs or tears.

The scene shifts to a luxurious picture theatre at the corner of Park Lane. It is 9 o'clock, the films stop, and a woman with a soft, clear voice pleads for money. For what? For help for hospitals. On the screen telegrams are shown, telegrams from hospitals asking for beds. The woman is Mrs. Hugo Ames. She has many relatives at the front. Her voice breaks into a sob as she pleads for beds, beds, beds. As we go out, a lady exquisitely clothed holds a plate. The plate is heaped with copper and silver coins—for beds.

The scene now shifts to Oxford Street. The rub-a-dub of drums is heard. A silken banner is seen—a church nursing and ambulance brigade is collecting money. About thirty young girls dressed in a queer military uniform march along. Some of them carry brass instruments. Others are beating kettles drums. One sailor girl is thumping a big drum. Other girls in the same garb are rattling collecting boxes. A silent crowd is following this bizarre, pathetic little group of girls.

The scene shifts to the long empty stretch of the Bayswater Road. It is 11:30 o'clock. On the benches on the pavement along the railings that border Hyde Park forlorn, huddled figures are asleep in queer, uncomfortable attitudes, leaning on each other like humpbacks. Two solitary figures pass by. They are two soldiers in khaki. One of them has lost his cap. He is staggering. His comrade holds him up and leads him to the barracks.

The scene now shifts to the Queen's Hall. It is Saturday afternoon. The orchestra is filled with a motley gathering of the young Duke of Sutherland, fair, tall, unemotional, is presiding over a meeting of Italians. Behind him is a scarlet ribbon of old men with white beards wearing the red shirt and peaked cap of the Garibaldi band. These old men fought with Garibaldi. They carry Garibaldi banners. Their dim eyes flash as they listen to Italian oratory. The hall is filled with young Italian airmen with ardor. There is in them the fire that astounds the colder British temperament. It is the Latin resurrection in miniature. A man with clear-cut features that are almost Napoleonic rises. He pours out white-hot phrases so rapidly that one thinks of a machine gun. When he stops for breath the whole audience hurls a fierce shout at him. He is shouting their arms straight out at him, and utter a cry that is gunshot.

Italy as a nation is not neutral. It is clearly panting for action. An Italian, who left Italy a week ago, tells me that Italy will strike soon. Her army is on the Austrian frontier. It owes the word like a bound in the leash. Italy, like France and England, is eager to free herself from the Prussian yoke.

The scene now shifts to a little village in Buckinghamshire. Two Canadians are visiting Milton's cottage, in Chalfont St. Giles. And Chalfont St. Giles is saying good-by to its recruits. Seventy-five stalwart men go from this quiet hamlet to fight for Belgium and France.

**Cartridges Armies Use**  
LONDON, October 2.—The British troops at the front use two kinds of rifles and two kinds of bullets, but only one kind of cartridge. This is an advantage the American army lacked in the Spanish war, when the regular army and the State volunteers used rifles of different calibre, necessitating three separate kinds of ammunition.

The standard arm of the British regulars is the short Lee-Enfield. It is a short-barreled rifle, evolved after the Ruer War, with a view to a weapon that may be used by infantry and cavalry alike. Its predecessor with a longer barrel is the hands of the territorial troops. The calibre of both types is .302 inch, and the cartridge is loaded with cordite. The magazine capacity is ten shells in clips.

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Butler, which has been copied by the other powers. But England has still a large stock of the old round nosed form. Of the two types, the sharp-nosed Lee-Enfield is in swiftness, longer range and flatter trajectory. Its muzzle velocity is 2,440 feet a second against the 2,000 feet of the round nosed. With the German Mauser the initial velocity of 2,800 is still obtained when the sharp bullet is issued, but there is still a supply of the older type of German ammunition sent to the field. The Mauser bullet has a diameter of .311, and the missile is somewhat heavier than the English.

Belgium is armed with the Mauser, but it is the earlier pattern of 1889, while the German is that of 1893. The calibre of the Belgian arm is .301.

The Lee-Enfield of 1886, calibre .315, has been used by France since 1886. France's pointed bullet differs from the others, in being of solid copper zinc, instead of lead with steel jackets. Austria is armed with the Mannlicher, whose bullet has a diameter of .322, somewhat heavier than that of the Nagant rifle of Russia.

All of these weapons are modern, with box magazines. The German Mauser has the highest initial velocity, which is a slight advantage.

One reason why so few changes have been made in arms in late years, why, for instance, France sticks to the type of 1886 is that all countries have been looking for a practicable automatic rifle. Many automatics have been tried out, but they have all failed to meet the tests. But the experts believe that the day may come when each soldier will carry a machine gun. Infantry fire then will be far more deadly than at present.